LIFE IN LONDON

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PUNCH LIBRARY OF HUMOUR

Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

Designed to provide in a series of volumes, each complete in itself, the cream of our national humour, contributed by the masters of comic draughtsmanship and the leading wits of the age to "Punch," from its beginning in 1841 to the present day

MR. PUNCH'S LIFE IN LONDON

Fussy Old Lady. "Now, *don't* forget, conductor, I *want the Bank of England.*" *Conductor.* "*All* right, mum." (*Aside.*) "She *don't* want *much*, do she, mate?"

MR. PUNCH'S LIFE IN LONDON

AS PICTURED BY

PHIL MAY, CHARLES KEENE, GEORGE DU MAURIER, L. RAVEN-HILL, J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE, E. T. REED, G. D. ARMOUR, F. H. TOWNSEND, FRED PEGRAM, C. E. BROCK, TOM BROWNE, A. S. BOYD, A. WALLIS MILLS, STARR WOOD, DUDLEY HARDY, AND MANY OTHER HUMORISTS

IN 180 ILLUSTRATIONS

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WITH ROD AND GUN
MR. PUNCH AWHEEL
BOOK OF SPORTS
GOLF STORIES
IN WIG AND GOWN
ON THE WARPATH
BOOK OF LOVE
WITH THE CHILDREN

SHAKESPEARE ON THE STREETS

(*See "King Henry the Fourth," Act III., Sc.* 1.)

Glendower (*to Hotspur*). Cousin of many men, I do not bear these crossings.

STACK ANNEX
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A SKETCH IN REGENT STREET.—Puzzle—On which side are the shop windows?

ROUND THE TOWN

IN the sixty-six years of his existence MR. PUNCH has at one time or another touched upon every phase of life in London. He has moved in high society; he has visited the slums; he has been to the churches, the theatres, the concert rooms; he has travelled on the railways, in the 'buses and the cabs; he has amused himself on 'Change; he has gone shopping; he has lounged in the clubs, been a shrewd watcher and listener at the Law Courts, dined in the hotels and restaurants, sat in Parliament, made merry in the servants' hall, loitered along the pavements with a quick eye and ear for the wit and humour of the streets, and dropped in casually, a genial and observant visitor, at the homes and haunts of all sorts and conditions of men and women.

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Obviously it is impossible that the fruits of all this adventuring could be gathered into a single volume; some of them are garnered already in other volumes of this series, in books that deal particularly with Mr. Punch's representations of what he has seen and heard of Society, of the Cockney, of the Lawyers, of our Domestics, of Clubmen and Diners-out, of the Theatres; therefore, in the present volume, we have limited him in the main to his recollections of the actual civic life in London, to his diversions on the Stock Exchange and in the Money Market generally, his pictured and written quips and jests about London's businesses and business men, with glimpses of what he knows of the variously dazzling and more or less strenuous life that everywhere environs these.

Subject for a Decorative Panel.—Road "up." Time—in the height of the season. Place—everywhere.

MR. PUNCH'S LIFE IN LONDON

THE CITY "ARTICLE."—Money.

FROM THE STREETS.—A street conjuror complained the other day that he couldn't throw the knives and balls about, because he did not feel in the vein.

"In what vein?" asked a bystander, weakly.

"The juggler vein, of course, stupid!" was the answer.

[*The bystander retired.*

A LIGHT EMPLOYMENT.—Cleaning windows.

"THE MODEL READY RECKONER."—The man with his last shilling.

MONEY-MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.—Operators for the rise — aeronauts; likewise anglers.

JUST OFF—THE BOURSE.—*Stockbroker (to Client who has been pretty well loaded with certain scrip).* Well, it just comes to this. Are you prepared to go the whole hog or none?

Client (timidly). I think I'd rather go the none.

WHAT COLOUR SHOULD PARASITES DRESS IN?—Fawn.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR ECONOMICAL MANAGERS

How to Obtain a good Serviceable Light Porter.—Take a pint of stout, and add a quart of spring water. There you have him.

How to make Hats last.—Make everything else first.

How to Prevent Ale from Spoiling —Drink it.

How to Avoid being Considered above your Business.—Never live over your shop.

How to make your Servants rise.—Send them up to sleep in the attics.

Bus Driver (*to charioteer of broken-down motor-car*). "I've been tellin' yer all the week to taike it 'ome, an' now yer wants to, yer cawn't!"

THE STREETS OF LONDON

THE stately streets of London
Are always "up" in Spring,
To ordinary minds an ex-
traordinary thing.
Then cabs across strange ridges bound,
Or sink in holes, abused
With words resembling not, in sound,
Those Mrs. Hemans used.

The miry streets of London,
Dotted with lamps by night;
What pitfalls where the dazzled eye
Sees doubly ruddy light!
For in the season, just in May,
When many meetings meet,
The jocund vestry starts away,
And closes all the street.

The shut-up streets of London!
How willingly one jumps
From where one's cab must stop through
pools
Of mud, in dancing pumps!
When thus one skips on miry ways
One's pride is much decreased,
Like *Mrs. Gilpin's*, for one's "chaise"
Is "three doors off" at least.

Straphanger (in first-class compartment, to first-class passenger). "I say, guv'nor, 'ang on to this 'ere strap a minute, will yer, while I get a light!"

The free, fair streets of London
Long, long, in vestry hall,
May heads of native thickness rise,
When April showers fall;
And green for ever be the men
Who spend the rates in May,
By stopping all the traffic then
In such a jocose way!

THE GAS-FITTER'S PARADISE.—Berners Street.

CIVIC WIT.—A City friend of ours, who takes considerable interest in the fattening of his fowls, alleges, as a reason, that he is an advocate for widening the Poultry.

TO AUCTIONEERS.—The regulations regarding sales are not to be found in any *bye* laws.

POETRY AND FINANCE.—Among all the quotations in all the money market and City articles who ever met with a line of verse?

ANYTHING BUT AN ALDERMAN'S MOTTO.—"Dinner forget."

A GENTLEMAN who lives by his wits.—*Mr. Punch.*

DEFINITION.—The Mansion House—A mayor s nest.

IN A TRAM-CAR

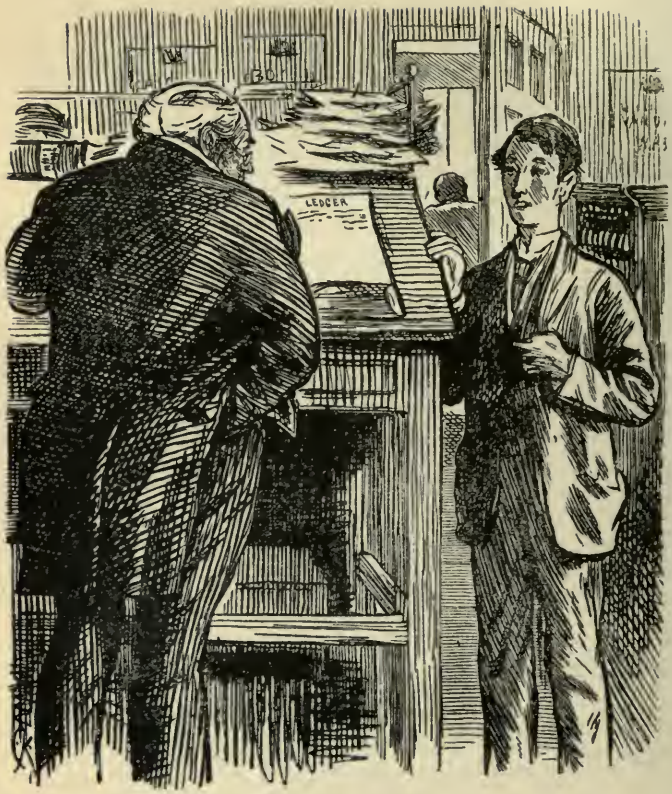
Lady (*with smelly basket of fish*). "Dessay you'd rather 'ave a gentleman settin' a-side of you?"

Gilded Youth (*who has been edging away*). "Yes, I would."

Lady. "Same 'ere!"

Inquisitive Guardian. "By the way, have you any children?" *Applicant for Relief.* "No." *Guardian.* "But—er—surely I know a son of yours?" *Applicant.* "Well, I don't suppose you'd call a *child* children!"

Please, sir, tuppence worth of butter scrapin's, an' mother says be sure they're all *clean*, 'cause she's expectin' company."



UNCONSCIONABLE

Head of the Firm. "Want a holiday!? Why, you've just been at home ill for a month!"

THE FORCE OF HABIT

Traveller (*suffering from the Heat of Weather, &c.*). "Wesh Bromp'n—shingl'—cold 'th bit o' lemon—loo' sharp—'r else shan't kesh my train!"

THE EXILED LONDONER

I ROAM beneath a foreign sky,
That sky is cloudless, warm and clear;
And everything is glad but I;—
But ah! my heart is far from here.

They bid me look on forests green,
And boundless prairies stretching far;
But I rejoice not in their sheen,
And longing turn to Temple Bar.

They bid me list the torrent's roar,
In all its foaming, bounding pride;
But I, I only think the more
On living torrents in Cheapside!

They bid me mark the mighty stream,
Which Mississippi rolls to sea;
But then I sink in pensive dream,
And turn my thoughts, dear Thames, to thee!

They bid me note the mountains high,
Whose snow-capp'd peaks my prospect end;
I only heave a secret sigh—
To Ludgate Hill my wishes tend.

They taunt me with our denser air,
And fogs so thick you scarce can see;
Then, yellow fog, I will declare,
Though strange to say, I long for thee.

And everything in this bright clime
But serves to turn my thoughts to thee!
Thou, London, of an earlier time,
Oh! when shall I return to thee?

Customer. "That dog I bought last week has turned out very savage. He's already bitten a little girl and a policeman, and——"

Dealer. "Lor'! how 'e's changed, mum! He wasn't at all particular what he ate 'ere!"

Panic in the City

TIME—3.30 P.M.

Excited Stockbroker.—By Jove! it's serious now.

Other dittos. Hey? what?

Excited Stockbroker. Rothschild's "gone"—

Clients (new to City, thunderstruck). *Gone!* Rothschild!!—but—

Excited Stockbroker. Yes. *Gone to Paris.* [*Exit.*

What to Expect at an Hotel.—Inn-attention.

A Question for Lloyd's.—Are sub-editors underwriters?

Incidents of Taxation.—Collectors and summonses.

What a City Company does.—It may not be generally known that the duty of the Spectacle-makers is to get up the Lord Mayor's Show. Glasses round, and then they proceed to business.

Impossible Phrase.—The happy rich, the happy poor, both quite possible. But, "the happy mean"—oh no—impossible.

Song for the Town-tied Sportsman.—"How happy could I be with *heather!*"

PROGRESS.—(*Overheard in Kensington.* Time, 9 a.m.).—*Fair Club Member* (*lately married, to friend*). "Bye, bye! Can't stop! Must rush off, or I shall be *scratched for the billiard handicap!*"

Policeman (to slightly sober individual, who is wobbling about in the road amongst the traffic). "Come, old man, walk on the pavement."

Slightly Sober Individual. "*Pavement!* Who do you take me for? *Blondin?*"

SKETCHED IN OXFORD STREET

INSCRIPTION TO BE PLACED OVER THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—"*Bear* and for-*bear*."

THE PRICE OF BREAD.—Twists have taken a turn; and cottages have come down in some places, owing to the falls of bricks, which continue to give way rapidly. A baker near one of the bridges has not had a roll over, which is to be accounted for by his having come down in regular steps to a level with the lower class of consumers. Plaster of Paris is in some demand, and there have been some mysterious transactions in sawdust by the baker who liberally deals with the workhouse.

SYMPHONY IN BLACK
The vassal who does soot and service.

OFFICIAL ORDER.—All cabmen plying within hail are to be supplied with umbrellas by Government.

HE DIDN'T MEAN TO LOSE THAT

"Miffins, the book-keeper, tells me that you have lost the key of the safe, and he cannot get at the books."

"Yes, sir, one of them. You gave me two, you remember."

"Yes; I had duplicates made in case of accident. And the other?"

"Oh, sir, I took care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know."

"And is the other all right?"

"Yes, sir. I put it where there was no danger of it being lost. It is in the safe, sir!"

IN A NOVEMBER FOG

Frenchman (*just arrived on his first visit to London*). "Ha, ha! my frien', now I understan' vot you mean ven you say ze sun nevaire set in your dominion, ma foi! *It does not rise!*"

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND"

Thirsty Soul (*after several gyrations round the letter-box*). "I sh'like t'know wha'-sh-'e good 'f gen'lem'n-sh turn'n tea-tot'ller 'f gov'm'nt (*hic*) goes-h an' cut-sh th' shpouts-h o' th' *bumpsh* off!"

THE LONDONER'S DIARY

(For August)

Monday.—Got up at nine o'clock. Lounged to the park. No one there. Went to bed at twelve.

Tuesday.—Got up at ten o'clock. Walked to the House of Commons. Closed. Went to bed at eleven.

Wednesday.—Got up at eleven o'clock. Looked in at Prince's. Deserted. Went to bed at ten.

Thursday.—Got up at twelve o'clock. Strolled to the club. Shut up for repairs. Went to bed at nine.

Friday.—Got up at one o'clock. Stayed at home. Dull. Went to bed at eight.

Saturday.—Got up at five a.m. Went out of town at six.

THE REVERSE OF THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—A school in which very few members of society are brought up—a charity school.

PAST RECLAIMING

Brixton Barber. "Revival seems to be in the hair, sir."
Customer. "Not in *mine!*"

FOG

THOU comest in familiar guise,
When in the morning I awake,
You irritate my throat and eyes,
I vow that life's a sad mistake.
You come to hang about my hair,
My much-enduring lungs to clog,
I feel you with me everywhere,
Our own peculiar London fog.
You clothe the City in such gloom,
We scarce can see across the street,
You seem to penetrate each room,
And mix with everything I eat.
I hardly dare to stir about,
But sit supine as any log;
You make it torture to go out,
Our own peculiar London fog.

THE END OF TABLE-TURNING.—An inmate of a lunatic asylum, driven mad by spiritualism, wishes to try to turn the multiplication table.

"THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR."—What o'clock is it?

PERPETUAL MOTION DISCOVERED.—The *winding* up of public companies.

FLIES IN AMBER.—Yellow cabs.

'Bus Driver (to Cabby, who is trying to lash his horse into something like a trot). "Wot's the matter with 'im, Willium? 'E don't seem 'isself this mornin'. I believe you've bin an' changed 'is milk!"

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

Chorus (*slow music*). "We're a rare old—fair old—rickety, rackety crew!"

SCENE—*In a 'Bus.* TIME—*During the Hot Spell.*

First City Man. "D——d hot, isn't—— I—I beg your pardon, madam, I—I quite forgot there was a lady pres——" *Stout Party.* "Don't apologise. It's much worse than that!"

THE CAPITALISTS

(A Story of Yesterday for To-morrow and To-day)

"WHAT, Brown, my boy, is that you?" said Smith, heartily.

"The same, and delighted to see you," was the reply.

"Have you heard the news, my dear fellow?" asked Smith.

"You mean about the position of the Bank of England? Why, certainly; all the City is talking about it."

"Ah, it is absolutely grand! Never was the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in such a strong position. Marvellous! my dear friend; absolutely marvellous!"

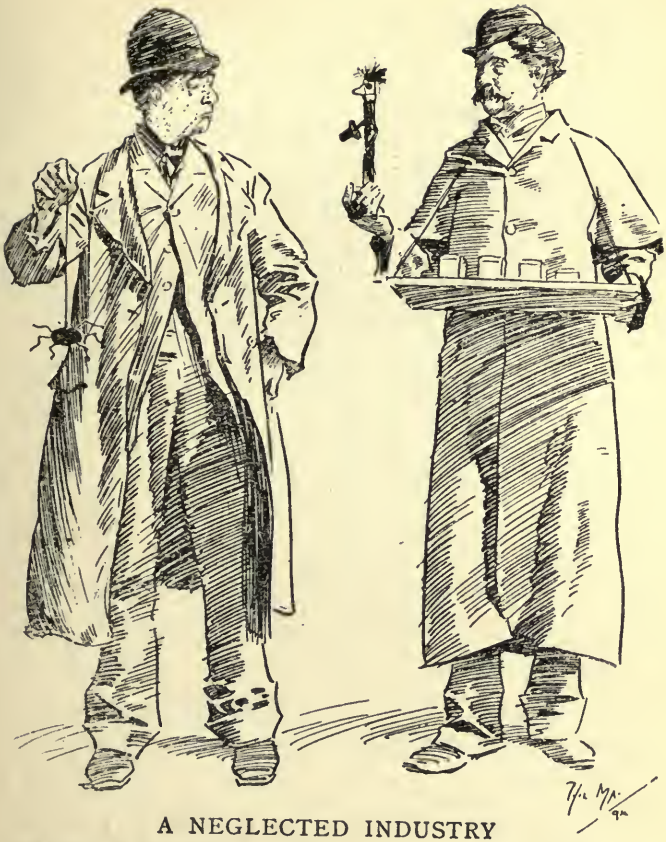
"Quite so. Never were we—as a people—so rich!"

"Yes, prosperity seems to be coming back by leaps and bounds."

"You never said anything so true," observed Smith.

"Right you are," cried Brown.

And then the two friends shook hands once



A NEGLECTED INDUSTRY

"'Ow are yer gettin' on, Bill?"

"Ain't gettin' on at all. I'm beginnin' to think as the publick doesn't know what they wants!"

more with increased cordiality, and passed on. They walked in different directions a few steps, and both stopped. They turned round.

"Smith," said Brown, "I have to ask you a trifling favour."

"Brown, it is granted before I know its purport."

"Well, the truth is, I am penniless—lend me half-a-crown."

Smith paused for a moment.

"You surely do not wish to refuse me?" asked Brown in a tone of pained surprise.

"I do not, Smith," replied his friend, with fervour. "Indeed, I do not!"

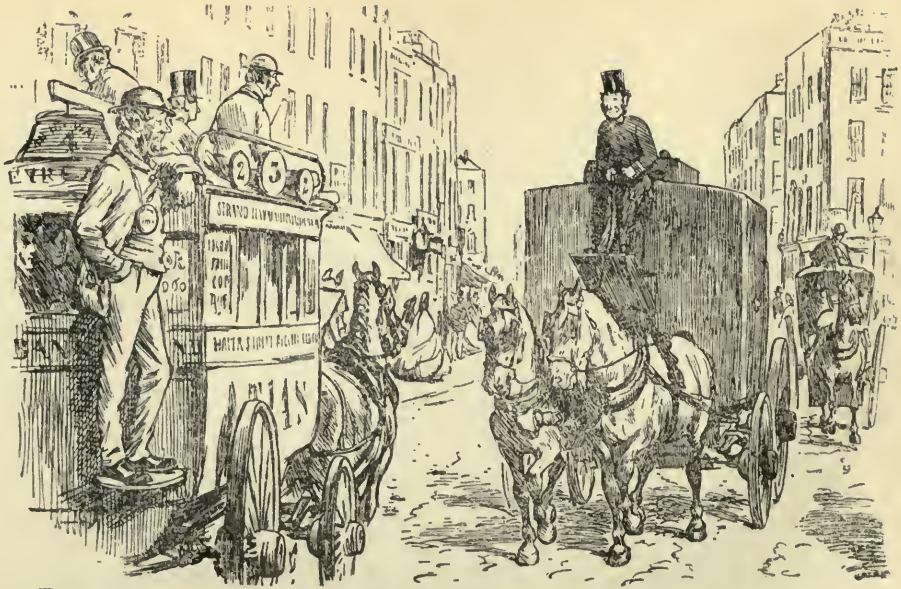
"Then produce the two-and-sixpence."

"I would, my dear fellow, if in the wide world I could raise it!"

And then the ancient comrades shook hands once again, and parted in sorrow, but not in anger. They felt that after all they were only in the fashion.

Too Common a Thing.—A member of a limited liability company in a bad way, said he should turn itinerant preacher. He was asked why? He said he had had a call.

Country Cousin. "Do you stop at the Cecil?"
'Bus Driver. "*Do* I stop at the Cecil!—*on twenty-eight bob a week!*"



FRIGHTFUL LEVITY.—*Bus-Driver.* "Hullo, gov'nour; got any room?" *Policeman, Driving Van (with great want of self-respect).* "Just room for one; saved a place a purpose for you, sir." *Bus-Driver.* "What's yer fare?" *Policeman.* "Bread and water; same as you had afore!"

A MISUNDERSTANDING.—*Old Gent. (evidently from the Shires).* "Hi! hoy! stop!" *Conductor.* "'Old 'ard Bill!" *(To Old Gent.)* "Where are yer for, sir?" *Old Gent. (panting in pursuit).* "Here!—let's have a—box o' them—*safety matches!*" [*Objurgations!*

ON THE SPECULATIVE BUILDER

HE's the readiest customer living,
While you're lending, or spending or giving;
But when you'd make profit, or get back your own,
He's the awkwardest customer ever you've known.

FAVOURITE SONG ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—"*Oh! what a difference in the morning!*"

THE REAL "BITTER" CRY OF LONDON.—The demand for Bass and Allsopp.

CABBY calls the new auto-cars his motormentors.

THOROUGH!—*Hairdresser (to perspiring Customer during the late hot weather).* "'Hair cut, sir?" *Stout Party (falling into the chair, exhausted).* "Ye——" *Hairdresser.* "Much off, sir?" *Stout Party.* "*(Phew!)* Cut it to the bone!"

DIVERTING THE TRAFFIC!

THE THING TO THROW LIGHT ON SPIRITUALISTIC SÉANCES.—A spirit-lamp.

THE RULING PASSION.—A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

BUBBLE CONCERNS.—Aërated water companies.

NEW LONDON STREET DIRECTORY

Adam Street.—Antediluvian anecdotes and traditions still linger here.

Air Street.—Doctors send their patients to this locality for change.

Aldermanbury.—Visited by numbers of bereaved relatives.

Amwell Street.—Always healthy.

Barking Alley.—To be avoided in the dog days.

Boy Court.—Not far from Child's Place.

Camomile Street.—See Wormwood Street.

Coldbath Square.—Very bracing.

Distaff Lane.—Full of spinsters.

Farm Street.—Highly sensitive to the fluctuations of the corn market.

Fashion Street.—Magnificent sight in the height of the season.

First Street.—Of immense antiquity.

Friday Street.—Great jealousy felt by all the other days of the week.

A QUALIFIED GUIDE.—*Befogged Pedestrian.* "Could you direct me to the river, please?" *Hatless and Dripping Stranger.* "Straight ahead. I've just come from it!"

Garlick Hill.—Make a little *détour*.

Glasshouse Street.—Heavily insured against hailstorms.

Godliman Street.—Irreproachable.

Great Smith Street.—Which of the Smiths is this?

Grundy Street.—Named after that famous historic character—Mrs. Grundy.

Hercules Buildings.—Rich in traditions and stories of the "Labours" of the Founder.

Homer Street.—Literally classic ground. The house pointed out in connection with "the blind old bard" has long since disappeared.

Idol Lane.—Where are the Missionaries?

Ivy Lane.—This, and Lillypot Lane, and Woodpecker Lane, and Wheatsheaf Yard, and White Thorn Street, all sweetly rural. It is difficult to make a selection.

Lamb's Conduit Street.—Touching description (by the oldest inhabitant) of the young lambs coming to drink at the conduit.

Liquorpond Street.—See Philpot Lane.

Love Lane.—What sort of love? The "love of the turtle?"

FASHIONABLE AND SEASONABLE.

Where to sup *al fresco* in the hottest weather. The "*Whelkome* Club"

Lupus Street.
Maddox Street. } Both dangerous.

Milk Street.—Notice the number of pumps.

Mincing Lane.—Mincing is now mostly done elsewhere, by machinery.

Orchard Street.—The last apple was gathered here about the time that the last coursing match took place in Hare Court.

Paper Buildings.—Wonderfully substantial! Brief paper extensively used in these buildings.

Paradise Street.
Peerless Street. } Difficult to choose between the two.

Poultry.
Pudding Lane. } Crowded at Christmas.

Quality Court.—Most aristocratic.

Riches Court.—Not a house to be had for love or money.

Shepherdess Walk.—Ought to be near Shepherds' Bush.

Trump Street.—Noted for whist.

Type Street.—Leaves a most favourable impression.

World's End Passage.—Finis.

"The Round of the Restaurants."—Beef.

SACRIFICE.—*Good Templar* "Tut—t—t—really, Swizzle, it's disgraceful to see a man in your position in this state, after the expense we've incurred and the exertions we've used to put down the liquor traffic!" *Swizzle.* "Y' may preash as mush as y' like, gen'l'm'n, bur I can tell y' I've made more persh'nal efforsh to (*hic*) purrown liquor than any of ye!"

A LONDON FOG

A FOG in London daytime like the night is,
Our fellow-creatures seem like wandering ghosts,
The dull mephitic cloud will bring bronchitis;
You cannon into cabs or fall o'er posts.
The air is full of pestilential vapours,
Innumerable "blacks" come with the smoke;
The thief and rough cut unmolested capers,
In truth a London fog's no sort of joke.

You rise by candle-light or gaslight, swearing
There never was a climate made like ours;
If rashly you go out to take an airing,
The soot-flakes come in black plutonian show'rs.
Your carriage wildly runs into another,
No matter though you go at walking pace;
You meet your dearest friend, or else your brother
And never know him, although face to face.

The hours run on, and night and day commingle,
Unutterable filth is in the air;
You're much depressed, e'en in the fire-side ingle,
The hag dyspepsia seems everywhere.
Your wild disgust in vain you try to bridle,
Mad as March hare or hydrophobic dog,
You feel, in fact, intensely suicidal:
Such things befall us in a London fog!

THE MOST LOYAL OF CUP-BEARERS.—A blind man's dog.

NOT QUITE WHAT HE MEANT.—*Joan (on her annual Spring visit to London).* "There, John, I think that would suit me." *Darby (grumblingly).* "*That*, Maria? Why, a pretty figure it would come to!" *Joan.* "Ah, John dear, you're always so complimentary! I'll go and ask the price."

STARTING A SYNDICATE

A Serio-Comic Interlude

Scene—*An Office in the City.* Time—*After Lunch.*

Present—*Members of a proposed Syndicate.*

First Member. And now, gentlemen, to business. I suppose we may put down the capital at fifty thousand?

Second Mem. Better make it five hundred thousand. Half a million is so much easier to get.

Third Mem. Of course. Who would look at a paltry fifty?

First Mem. Perhaps you are right. Five pound shares, eh?

Fourth Mem. Better make them sovereigns. Simpler to manipulate.

First Mem. I daresay. Then the same solicitors as our last?

Fifth Mem. Yes, on the condition that they get a firm to undertake the underwriting.

First Mem. Necessarily. The firm I propose, gentlemen, are men of business, and quite recognise that nothing purchases nothing.

An early morning snapshot in the suburbs. Mr. Bumpus dresses his window.

Second Mem. And they could get the secretary with a thousand to invest.

First Mem. Certainly. Our brokers, bankers, and auditors as before. Eh, gentlemen?

Fifth Mem. On the same conditions.

First Mem. That is understood. And now the prospectus is getting into shape. Is there anything else anyone can suggest?

Fourth Mem. Oughtn't we to have some object in view?

First Mem. Assuredly. Making money.

Fourth Mem. Don't be frivolous. But what I mean is, should we not know for what purpose we are going to expend the half million?

First Mem. Oh, you mean the name. Well, that comparatively unimportant detail we might safely leave until our next pleasant gathering.

[*Meeting adjourned. Curtain.*

In Extremis.—That man is indeed hard up who cannot get credit even for good intentions.

"Walker!"—How unfair to sneer at the City tradesmen for being above their business, when so few of them live over their shops!

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS
Proposed elevated roadway for perambulators

EXAMINATION FOR A DIRECTORSHIP

(*From "The City Man's Vade Mecum"*)

Promoter. Are you a gentleman of blameless reputation?

Candidate. Certainly, and I share that reputation with a dozen generations of ancestors.

Promoter. And no doubt you are the soul of honour?

Candidate. That is my belief—a belief shared by all my friends and acquaintances.

Promoter. And I think, before taking up finance, you have devoted a long life to the service of your country?

Candidate. That is so. My career has been rewarded by all kinds of honours.

Promoter. And there is no particular reason why you should dabble in Stock Exchange matters?

Candidate. None that I know of—save, perhaps, to serve a friend.

Promoter. Now, be very careful. Do you

"*Perfeck Lidy*" (*who has just been ejected*). "Well, *next* time I goes into a publickouse, I'll go somewhere where I'll be *respected!*"

know anything whatever about the business it is proposed you should superintend?

Candidate. Nothing whatever. I know nothing absolutely about business.

Promoter. Then I have much pleasure in informing you that you have been unanimously elected a member of the board of management!

[*Scene closes in until the public demands further information.*

RIDDLE FOR THE CITY

Oh! why, my friend, is a joint stock
Concern like, yet unlike, a clock?
Because it may be wound up; when,
Alas! it doesn't go again.

The Seat of Impudence.—A cabman's box.

Song of Suburban Householders awaiting the Advent of the Dustman.—"We *always* use a big, big D!"

A Floating Capital Joke.—When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business?—When he's giving a swimming lesson.

A Cheerful Investment.—A laughing-stock.

Baker. "I shall want another ha'penny. Bread's gone up to-day."
Boy. "Then give us one of yesterday's."

WHY I AM IN TOWN

Because I have long felt a strong desire to know by personal experiment what London is like at this season of the year.

Because the house requires some repairs, and I am anxious to be on the spot to look after the workpeople.

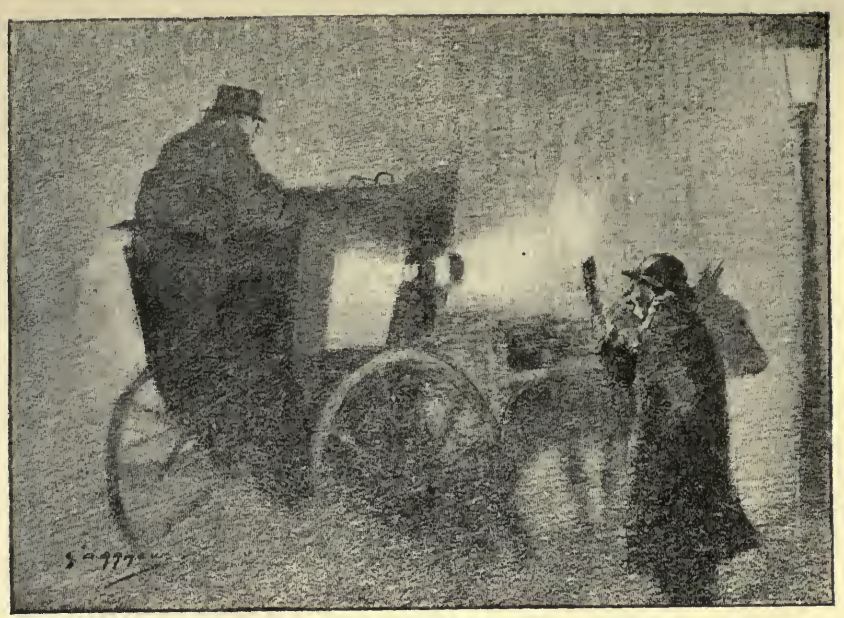
Because the progress of my book on Universal Eccentricity renders it necessary that I should pay frequent visits to the library of the British Museum.

Because I have been everywhere, and know every place.

Because the sanitary condition of the only place I at all care to go to is not altogether satisfactory.

Because my Uncle Anthony is expected home every day from Australia, and I am unwilling to be absent from town when he arrives.

Because my cousin Selina is going to be married from her stepfather's at Upper Clapton, and insists on my giving her away to the gentleman with whom she is about to penetrate into the interior of Africa.



FOGGED.—*Cabman (who thinks he has been passing a line of linkmen).* "Is this right for Paddington?" *Linkman.* "'Course it is! First to the right and straight on. 'Aven't I told ye that three times already? Why, you ve been drivin' round this square for the last 'arf hour!"

Because I am desirous to avail myself of this opportunity of completing some statistical tables I am compiling, showing the comparative numbers of horses, carriages, and pedestrians passing my dining-room windows on the last Saturday in May and the last Saturday in August respectively.

Because my eldest son is reading with a private tutor for his army examination, and I feel I am of some use to him in his studies.

Because my Aunt Philippa is detained in town by an attack of gout, and expects me to call and sit with her three times a day.

Because I am determined to put into execution my long-cherished design of thoroughly exploring the British Museum, the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the public monuments, and the City churches.

Because it is pecuniarily inconvenient to me to be anywhere else.

NOTICE.—The gentleman who, the other day, ran away from home, without stopping to take his breath, is requested to fetch it as quickly as possible.

VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.—*Betting Man (to his Partner).* "Look 'ere, Joe! I 'ear you've been gamblin' on the Stock Exchange! Now, a man *must* draw the line *somewhere;* and if that kind of thing goes on, you and me will 'ave to part company!"

MISNOMERS

You start a company to make it go,
It fails, and so you drop it;
It didn't go but yet has gone, and so
You wind it up to stop it.

Stocks in your garden you will surely find
By want of rain are slaughtered;
Yet many stocks have languished and declined
Because they have been watered.

Suppose a company for brewing beer
Should come to a cessation—
That is—"dry up" 'tis curious to hear
It's called "in liquidation."

PREHISTORIC LONDON.—Some archæologists have discovered an analogy between the druidical worship and a form of semitic idolatry. It has been surmised that the Old Bailey derives its name from having been the site of a temple of Baal.

THE RULE OF ROME.—An "Inquiring City Clerk," fresh from his Roman history, writes to ask if "S.P.Q.R." stands for "Small profits, quick returns."

A TEMPERANCE PUBLIC-HOUSE.—A slop-shop.

MELTING MOMENTS

(*Temperature* 95° *in the Shade.*)

Friend. "How does this weather suit you, old chap?"

Bankrupt Proprietor. "Oh, down to the ground! You see, I'm in liquidation!"

THE ORIGINAL COOK'S TOURIST.—Policeman X on his beat.

"THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON."—A barrel-organ.

THE LATEST THING OUT.—The night-light.

Johnny (who has to face a bad Monday, to Manager at Messrs. R-thsch-ld's). "Ah! I—want to—ah!—see you about an overdraft." *Manager.* "How much do you require?" *Johnny.* "Ah!—how much have you got?"

French Lady. "Picca-di-lee Circus." *Obliging Conductor.* "All right. One pence." *French Lady* (*who rather prides herself on her English pronunciation*). "I anterstond ze Engleeshe langue." *Obliging Conductor.* "Oh, all right. Keep yer 'air on!"

THE MOST UNPLEASANT MEETING.—Having to meet a bill.

WHAT intimate connection is there between the lungs of London and the lights of the metropolis?

SAW FOR SLOP TAILORS.—Ill tweeds shrink apace.

A TISSUE OF LIES.—A forged bank-note.

A Nice Investment.—Amongst the advertisements of new undertakings we notice one of "The Universal Disinfector Company." Our broker has instructions to procure us some shares, if they are in good odour.

A Tight Fit.—Intoxication.

How to Supply St. Paul's with Bells and Chimes *Cheap*.—Melt down the canons.

A Thought from our Tub.—Respect everybody's feelings. If you wish to have your laundress's address, avoid asking her where she "hangs out."

Hard Lines.—Overhead wires.

Hotel for Bee-Fanciers.—The Hum-mums.

Unprecedented Trade Announcement.—The pig-market was quiet.

Money Market and Sanitary Intelligence.—The unsafest of all deposits is the deposit of the banks of the Thames.

The Place to Spend All Fools' Day.—*Madame Tous-sots'*.

Bus-driver. "All right, ladies! You're quite safe. They're werry partikler wot they eats!"

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS

The next sensational literary advertisement; or, things of beauty in our streets.

SOLEMN JEST.—Where should postmen be buried? In a post-crypt.

A BLUNDER-BUS.—One that takes you to Holborn when you want to go to the Bank.

EPITAPH FOR A STOCKBROKER.—"Waiting for a rise."

BOARD WAGES.—Directors' fees.

STOCK EXCHANGE

Illustrated by Dumb-Crambo, Junior

Carrying over

Market falling

Market firm

Preparing for a rise

Arranging for a fall

Home securities flat

A NEW WAY TO GET A FRESH APPETITE

(*A real bit from life at a City company's dinner*)

Young Visitor. Really, sir, you must excuse me. I am compelled to refuse.

Old Alderman (*with profound astonishment*). What, refuse these beautiful grouse? It's impossible!

Young Visitor. It *is* impossible, I can assure you, sir. I cannot eat any more.

Old Alderman (*tenderly*). Come, come. I tell you what now. Just take my advice, and *try a cold chair.*

DESIGN FOR A PAPER-WEIGHT.—The portrait of a gentleman waiting for the *Times.*

THE BEST "FINANCIAL RELATIONS."—Our "uncles."

AT THE ANGEL COURT KITCHEN.—*Stranger* (*to Eminent Financier*). Why did you call that man at the bar "the Microbe"?

Eminent Financier. Because he's "in everything."

GROUND RENTS.—The effects of an earthquake.

FOLLOWING THE FASHION.—*Baked-Tater Merchant.* "'Ow's trade! Why fust-rate!! I'm a-goin' to conwert the bis'ness into a limited liability comp'ny—and retire into private life!!!"

SONGS OF THE STREETS

UPON THE KERB

Upon the kerb a maiden neat—
Her watchet eyes are passing sweet—
There stands and waits in dire distress:
The muddy road is pitiless,
And 'buses thunder down the street!

A snowy skirt, all frill and pleat;
Two tiny, well-shod, dainty feet
Peep out, beneath her kilted dress,
Upon the kerb!

She'll first advance and then retreat,
Half frightened by a hansom fleet.
She looks around, I must confess,
With marvellous coquettishness!—
Then droops her eyes and looks discreet,
Upon the kerb!

Definition of "The Happy Mean."—A joyful miser.

To People Down in the World.—Try the new hotels: they will give you a lift.

What is the best thing to do in a hurry? Nothing.

Sarah (to Sal). "Lor! ain't 'e 'andy with 'is feet!"

PUNCH'S COUNTRY COUSIN'S GUIDE

THE METROPOLIS IN THE *MORTE SAISON*

8 A.M.—Rise, as in the country, and stroll round the squares before breakfast, to see the turn out of cooks and charwomen. Ask your way back of the first policeman you meet.

9 A.M.—Breakfast. First taste of London milk and butter. Analyse, if not in a hurry. Any policeman will show you the nearest chemist.

10 A.M.—To Battersea Park to see carpets beaten. Curious atmospheric effects observable in the clouds of dust and the language of the beaters. Inquire your road of any policeman.

11 A.M.—Take penny steamer up to Westminster Bridge, in time to arrive at Scotland Yard, and inspect the police as they start on their various beats. For any information, inquire of the inspector.

12 A.M.—Hansom cab races. These can be viewed at any hour by standing still at a hundred yards from any cabstand and holding up a shilling.

Benevolent Old Gentleman. "*Poor* little thing! Is it hurt?"

[*But it was only the week's washing.*

An amusing sequel may be enjoyed by referring all the drivers to the nearest policeman.

1 P.M.—Observe the beauties of solitude among the flowers in Hyde Park. Lunch at the lodge on curds and whey. Ask the whey of the park keeper.

2 P.M.—Visit the exhibitions of painting on the various scaffoldings in Belgravia. Ask the next policeman if the house painters are Royal Academicians. Note what he says.

3 P.M.—Look at the shops in Bond Street and Regent Street, and purchase the dummy goods disposed of at an awful sacrifice.

4 P.M.—See the stickleback fed at the Westminster Aquarium. If nervous at being alone, ask the policeman in waiting to accompany you over the building.

5 P.M.—Find a friend still in town to give you five o'clock tea in her back drawing-room—the front of the house being shut up.

6 P.M.—Back to the park. Imagine the imposing cavalcades in Rotten Row (now invisible), with the aid of one exercising groom and the two daughters of a riding-master in full procession.

7 P.M.—Wake up the waiters at the Triclinium

AMENITIES OF THE ROAD.—*Robert.* "Now then, four-wheeler, why couldn't you pull up sooner? Didn't you see me 'old up my 'and?" *Cabby* (*suavely*). "Well, constable, I *did* see a kind of shadder pass acrorst the sky; but my 'orse 'e shied at your feet!"

Restaurant, and persuade them to warm up dinner for your benefit.

8 P.M.—Perambulate the Strand, and visit the closed doors of the various theatres. Ask the nearest policeman for his opinion on London actors. You will find it as good as a play.

9 P.M.—A Turkish bath may be had in Covent Garden Theatre. Towels or programmes are supplied by the policemen at the doors.

10 P.M.—Converse, before turning in, with the policeman on duty or the fireman in charge of the fire-escape. Much interesting information may be obtained in this way.

11 P.M.—Supper at the cabmen's shelter, or the coffee stall corner of Hyde Park. Get a policeman to take you home to bed.

Q. WHAT is the best sort of cigar to smoke in a hansom?

A. A Cab-ana.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.—It must have belonged originally to an omnibus, for it is continually "taking up" and "putting down" people.

Groom (*whose master is fully occupied with unmanageable pair which has just run into rear of omnibus*). "Well, anyway, it wasn't the guv'nor's fault."

'Bus Conductor. "No—it was *your* fault, for letting 'im drive!"

"THE WAY WE BUILD NOW."—*Indignant Houseowner* (*he had heard it was so much cheaper, in the end, to buy your house*). "Wh' what's the—what am I!—wha' what do you suppose is the meaning of this, Mr. Scampling!" *Local Builder.* "'T' tut, tut! Well, sir, I 'spects some one's been a-leanin' agin it!!"

GETTING HIS ANSWER

Important Old Gent (from the country, who thinks the lofty bearing of these London barmaids ought to be "taken down a bit"). "Glass of ale, young woman; and look sharp, please!"

Haughty Blonde (blandly). "Second-class refreshments lower down, sir!!"

THE MEAT MARKET

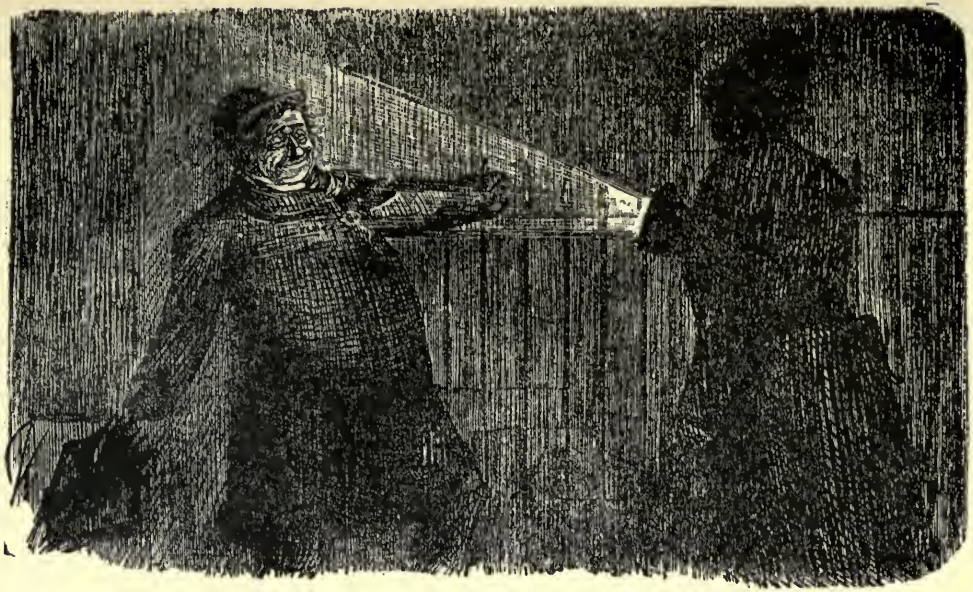
LEGS were freely walked off, and there was a pressure on ribs owing to the rush of beggars; but knuckles came down, while calves'-heads were looking-up steadily. At Smithfield, there was a rush of bulls, but the transactions were of such a hazardous nature as to appear more like a toss-up than firm business. Any kind of security was resorted to, and the bulls having driven a well-known speculator into a corner, he was glad to get out as he could, though an attempt was made to pin him to his position.

Pigs went on much at the old rates; and briskness could not be obtained, though the *coupons* were freely offered.

The weather having been favourable to slaughtering, calves have not been brought to the pen—but there is something doing in beef, for the "*Last of the Barons*" is advertised.

THE ORIGINAL CAB RADIUS.—A spoke of Phœbus's chariot-wheel.

MOTTO FOR THE L.G.O.C.—*Bus* in urbe.



A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Old Gentleman (*returning from City festivity*). "Pleashm'n, where'sh M'sht'r Brown live?"
Constable (*recognising h'm*). "Why, dear me, sir, you are Mr. Brown!"
Mr. B. "Aw right! Bu'—where do I live?"!

Cheap Jack. "I will make a present of this genooine gold watch—none of your carrots—to henny lady or gentleman for fifteen shillings an' sixpence. Why am I doin' this? To hencourage trade, that is why I am givin' it away for fourteen shillings an' sixpence. Look at it for yourselves, for fourteen shillings! If yer don't believe it's gold, *jump on it?*"

AT THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.—*First Doubtful Character.* "My eye, mate, this is a squash!" *Second D. C.* "Squash! Why, s'elp me, if I ain't 'ad my 'and in this cove's pocket for the larst twenty minits, an' can't get it out!"

BACK TO TOWN

Back to town, and it certes is rapture to stand,
And to hear once again all the roar of the Strand;
I agree with the bard who said, noisy or stilly,
By gaslight or daylight, he loved Piccadilly;
The wanderer's heart with emotion doth swell,
When he sees the broad pavement of pleasant Pall Mall.

Some folks like the City; wherever they range,
Their hearts are still true to the Royal Exchange;
They've beheld alpine summits rise rank upon rank,
But the Matterhorn's nothing compared with the Bank;
And they feel quite rejoiced in the omnibus ride,
As that hearse for the living rolls up through Cheapside.

The mind of a man is expanded by travel,
But give me my house on the Kensington gravel:
The wine of the Frenchman is good, and his grub,
But he isn't devoted to soap and the tub;
Though it may be my prejudice, yet I'll be shot,
If I don't think one Englishman's worth all the lot!

With Germans I've no disposition to quarrel,
Though most of their women resemble a barrel;
And, as for myself, I could never make out
The charms of their *schnitzel* and raw *sauer-kraut;*
While everyone owns, since the last mighty war,
Your average Teuton's too bumptious by far.

I think it's been stated before, that you roam
To prove to yourself that there's no place like home,
Though lands that are lovely lie eastward and west,
Our "tight little island," believe me, 's the best;
Through Paris, Berlin, and Vienna you've passed,
To find that there's nothing like London at last!

New Assistant (*after hair-cutting, to Jones, who has been away for a couple of weeks*). "Your 'air is very thin be'ind, sir. Try singeing!" *Jones* (*after a pause*). "Yes, I think I will." *N. A.* (*after singeing*). "Shampoo, sir? Good for the 'air, sir." *Jones.* "Thank you. Yes." *N. A.* "Your moustaches curled?" *Jones.* "Please." *N. A.* "May I give you a friction?" *Jones.* "Thank you." *N. A.* "Will you try some of our——" *Manager* (*who has just sighted his man, in stage whisper*). "You idiot! *He's* a subscriber!!"

MRS. R. was in an omnibus lately. The streets were so badly paved, she says, that the osculations were most trying to elderly people, though the younger ladies did not seem to object to them.

MORE COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.—"Suits from 35s. to order. Beware of firms that copy us."

SIGNS OF A SEVERE WINTER IN LONDON.—Early departure of swallows from Swallow Street.

Poet's Corner covered with rime.

Wild ducks on the Stock Exchange.

Coals raised.

CYNIC'S MOTTO FOR KELLY'S DIRECTORY (*by the kind permission of the Author of "Dead Men whom I have known."*)—Living men whom I don't want to know.

MONEY MARKET.—Shares, in Ascension Island Company, going up.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—Should the proposed asylum for decayed bill brokers, jobbers, and others on 'Change be ultimately built, it will probably be at Stock-holm.

CONVENIENT.—*Lodger* (*who has been dining*). "D' you have any 'bjecks'n t' my 'shcaping up into my rooms shec'nd floor? F'got my la'ch-key!!"

ADVICE TO SMOKERS.—Cut Cavendish.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—A new club, composed entirely of aristocratic literary ladies, is in course of formation; it is to be called "The Blue Lights."

NURSERY RHYME FOR THE TIME

BYE baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting
On the Stock Exchange, to catch
Some one who is not his match;
If he has luck,
As well as pluck,
A coach he'll very likely win
To ride his baby bunting in.

THE DEAF MAN'S PARADISE.—The Audit Office.

"CASTING ACCOUNTS"

OUR FRENCH VISITORS. — Scene — *Royal Exchange*). *First Frenchman* (*his first time in London*). "Tiens, Alphonse! Qui est cet homme-là?" *Second Frenchman* (*who, having been here once before is supposed to know all about it*). "Chut! Plus bas, mon ami." (*Whispers in reverential tone.*) "Ce monsieur-là—c'est le Lor' Maire!"

A VERY MUCH OVER-RATED PLACE.—London, under the County Council.

A BILL ACCEPTOR.—A dead wall.

SITE FOR A RAGGED SCHOOL.—Tattersall's.

BULL AND BEAR

LINKS THAT ARE NO SORT OF USE IN ANY FOG.—Shirt-links.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND BEAUTIFYING TREE IN LONDON.—The plane.

"COIGNS OF 'VANTAGE."—*£ s. d.*

THE "BREAD OF IDLENESS."—Loafing.

POEM ON A PUBLIC-HOUSE

OF this establishment how can we speak?
Its cheese is mitey and its ale is weak.

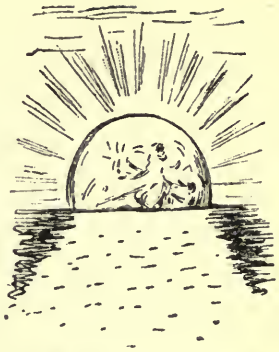
THE ARISTOCRAT'S PARADISE.—Quality Court.

"THE CONTROLLER OF THE *MINT*."—The greengrocer.

SEASONABLE.—What sort of a bath would a resident of Cornhill probably prefer? A *Cit's* bath.

THE TIPPLER'S PARADISE.—Portsoken Ward.

Tightness observable at the opening



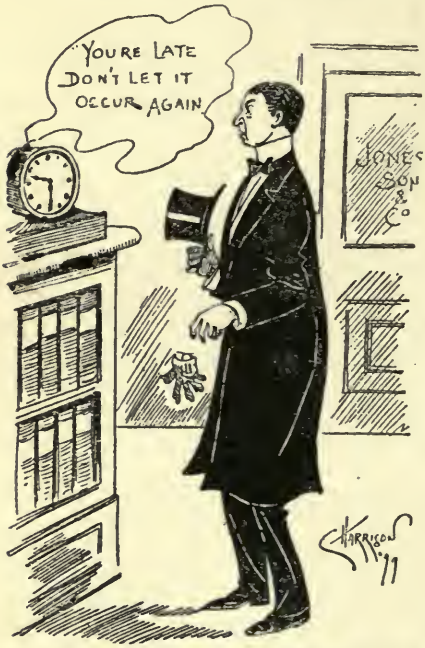
A decline at the close

Railways were dull

Bullyin' movements

THE STOCKBROKER'S VADE MECUM.—A book of good quotations.

EPITAPH ON A LETTER CARRIER.—*Post obit.*



A NEW TERROR FOR THE UNPUNCTUAL CLERK

[According to the *Scientific American* they have commenced making in Switzerland phonographic clocks and watches, which pronounce the hour most distinctly.]

A MAN IN ADVANCE OF HIS TIME.—One who has been knocked into the middle of next week.

THE LORD MAYOR'S RESIDENCE.—The munching house.

THE BEST SCHOOL OF COOKERY.—The office of a City accountant.

THE OBSTINACY OF THE PARENT

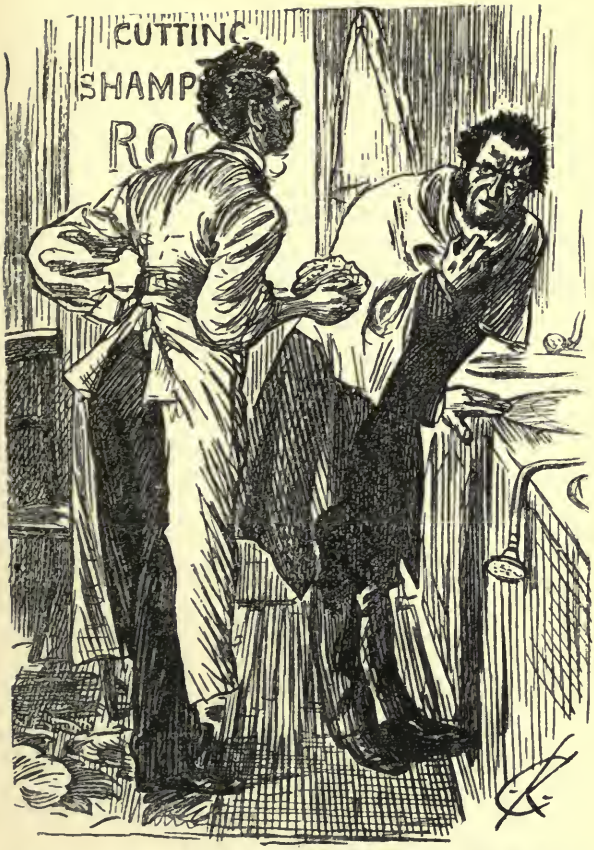
Emily Jane. "Yes, I'm always a-sayin' to father as 'e oughter retire from the crossin', but keep at it 'e will, though it ain't just no more 'n the broom as 'olds 'im up!"

THE MONEY MARKET

THE scarcity of money is frightful. As much as a hundred per cent., to be paid in advance, has been asked upon bills; but we have not yet heard of any one having given it. There was an immense run for gold, but no one got any, and the whole of the transactions of the day were done in copper. An influential party created some sensation by coming into the market late in the afternoon, just before the close of business, with half-a-crown; but it was found, on inquiry, to be a bad one. It is expected that if the dearth of money continues another week, buttons must be resorted to. A party, whose transactions are known to be large, succeeded in settling his account with the bulls, by means of postage-stamps; an arrangement of which the bears will probably take advantage.

A large capitalist in the course of the day attempted to change the direction things had taken, by throwing an immense quantity of paper into the market; but as no one seemed disposed to have anything to do with it, it blew over.

The parties to the Dutch loan are much irritated



MOST ASSURING.—*Brown* (*who is nervous about sanitary matters, and detects something*). "Hum"—(*sniffs*)—"surely—this system of yours—these pipes now—do they communicate with your main drain?" *Hairdresser* (*with cheery gusto*). "Direct, sir!"

[*Tableau.*

at being asked to take their dividends in butter; but, after the insane attempt to get rid of the Spanish arrears by cigars, which, it is well known, ended in smoke, we do not think the Dutch project will be proceeded with.

"Letters of Credit."—I.O.U.

Capital Punishment.—Stopping in London in August.

Residence for the Clerk of the Weather. —"The clearing-house."

A MAN OF LETTERS

Gilded Johnny. "How long will it take your bally cab to get to Victoria?"

Cabby. "Oh, just about the same time as an ordinary keb, sir."

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND"

Respectable Man. "Dear me! I'm sorry to see this, Muggles! I heard you'd left off drinking!"

Disreputable Party. "Sho I 'ave, shir—(*hic*)—jesh 'ish very minute!"

OBVIOUS.—*Stingy Uncle (to impecunious Nephew).* "Pay as you go, my boy!—Pay as you go!" *Nephew (suggestively).* "But suppose I haven't any money to pay with, uncle——" *Uncle.* "Eh?—Well, then, don't go, you know—don't go!"

[Exit hastily.

Street Serio (singing). "Er—yew will think hov me and love me has in dies hov long ago-o-o!"

SHEWERFIT & Co
ARTISTS IN HAIR
FACE MASSAGE
MANICURE
CHIROPODY
BLOOM OF CUPID
FOR THE COMPLEXION
PHIL MAY
96

REAL GRATITUDE

Tramp (*to Chappie, who has just given him a shilling*). "I 'ope as 'ow some day, sir, *you* may want a shillin', an' that I'll be able to give it to yer!"

Vendor of Cheap Music. "'Ere y' are, lidy! '*I'll be yer Sweet'art.*' One penny!"

CORRESPONDENCE

If you please, sir, as a young visitor to the metropolis, and well acquainted with history, I want to ask you—

Who is the Constable of the Tower?

What is his number?

Is he dressed like other constables?

Can he run anyone in, and make them move on if found loitering on his beat?

Is his beat all round the Tower?

Is he a special? one of the *force de tour*, empowered to use a *tour de force?* (You see I am well up in French.)

I saw a very amiable-looking policeman cracking nuts in the vicinity of the Tower. Do you think this was the constable in question?

Yours,

Rusty Cuss in Urbe.

P.S.—Pantheon means a place where all the gods are. I know Greek. The Pantheon in Regent Street I find is now a wine merchant's. Is England exclusively devoted to Bacchus, and is temperance a heresy?

ON THE NINTH.—*Freddy.* "And do they have a new Lord Mayor every year, mummie?" *Mother.* "Yes, dear." *Freddy.* "Then what do they do with the old Lord Mayors when they've done with 'em?"

Clerk. "Lady been here this morning, sir, complaining about some goods we sent her." *Employer.* "Who was she?" *Clerk.* "I quite forgot to ask her name, sir, but she's a little woman—*with a full-sized tongue!*"

Little Boldwig (he had been dining with his Company, and had let himself in with his latchkey—to gigantic stranger he finds in his hall). "Come on. I'll fight you!" (*Furiously.*) "Put your shtick down!!"

[*But his imaginary foe was only the new umbrella-stand—a present from Mrs. B.!*

MAKING THE MOST OF IT

A SHOCKING THING TO THINK OF!—A galvanic battery.

"CASH ADVANCES."—Courting a rich widow.

MOTTO FOR HAIRDRESSERS.—"Cut and comb again."

CORRECT MOTTO FOR THE EASY SHAVER.—Nothing like lather.

ADVERTISEMENT INADVERTENCIES

Perpetrated by Dumb-Crambo, Junior

"Suitable opening for a pupil"

"Mother's help wanted"

"Pushing man to take orders"

"A good plate cleaner"

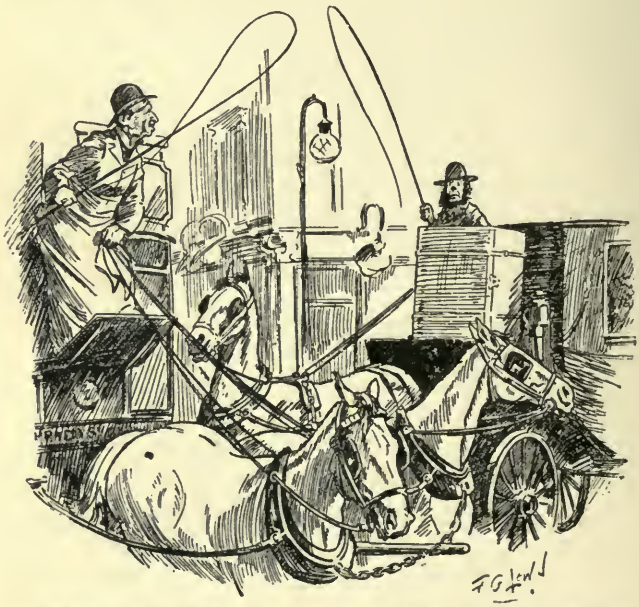
"No reasonable offer refused"

"Goods carefully removed (in town or country)"

THE BEST POSSESSION.—Self-possession.

TWO SYNONYMOUS TRADES.—A hairdresser; a locksmith.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.—Warm weather.



PASSING AMENITIES.—*Growler.* "Hi! Hi! Carn't yer look out wher' yer a-comin'?" *Omnibus.* "Garn! Shut up, jack-in-the-box!"

"I wonder when that A. B. C. girl is going to serve us? I've called her half-a-dozen times."
"Perhaps she's D. E. F."

TOWN IMPROVEMENT.—There is, we hear, a winter garden to be opened at Somer's Town.

THE DUMMY-MONDE.—Madame Tussaud's wax-work.

OUR EGGS AT 1/- per doz Can't be beat
TRY OUR
1/-
BUTTER
NO ONE CAN
TOUCH IT

SO INVITING!

Passenger (*rising politely*). "Excuse me, mum, but do you believe in woman's rights?"

New Woman. "Most certainly I do."

Passenger (*resuming seat*). "Oh well, then stand up for 'em!"

DESPERATE RESOLVES OF THE LAST MAN LEFT IN TOWN

To visit the National Gallery (for the first time), as an Englishman should really know something about the art treasures of his native country.

To spend an hour at the Tower (also for the first time), because there you will be able to brighten up your historical recollections which have become rather rusty since you took your B.A. degree just fifteen years ago.

To enter St. Paul's Cathedral with a view to thinking out a really good plan of decoration for the benefit of those who read letters addressed to the editor of the *Times*.

To take a ride in an omnibus from Piccadilly to Brompton to see what the interior of the vehicle in question is like, and therein to study the manners and customs of the English middle classes.

To walk in Rotten Row between the hours of twelve (noon) and two (p.m.) to see how the place looks without any people in it.

To have your photograph taken in your militia

STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.—Alderman Brownjones senior explains to his son, Alderman Brownjones junior, that there is a lamentable falling-off since *his* day, in the breed of aldermen-sheriffs—not only in style and bearing, but even in "happetite"!

uniform, as now there is no one in town to watch you getting out of a cab in full war paint.

To stroll into Mudie's Library to get all the new novels, because after reading them you may suddenly find yourself inspired to write a critique that will make your name (when the article has been accepted and published) as a most accomplished reviewer.

To read all the newspapers and magazines at the hairdresser's while your head is being shampooed (for the fourth time), as now is the time for improving your mind (occupied with so many other things during the season) with popular current literature.

To walk to your club (closed for repairs, &c.) to see how the workmen are progressing with the stone scraping of the exterior, as you feel yourself responsible to hundreds of your fellow-creatures as a member of the house committee.

To write a long letter to your friend Brown, of the 121st Foot, now in India with his regiment, to tell him how nothing is going on anywhere, because you have not written to him since he said "Good-bye" to you at Southampton.

To go home to bed at nine o'clock, as early

Gent (*rushing out of club in a terrific hurry*). "I say, cabby, drive as fast as you can to Waterloo—Leatherhead!"

Cabby. "'Ere, I say, not so much of your *leather'ed*, if you please!" [*Goes off grumbling.*

hours are good for the health, and because there is really nothing else to do.

And last, but not least, to leave London for the country by the very first train to-morrow morning!

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING IN THE CITY

SIGH no more dealers, sigh no more,
Shares were unstable ever,
They often have been down before,
At high rates constant never.
Then sigh not so,
Soon up they'll go,
And you'll be blithe and funny,
Converting all your notes of woe
Into hey, money, money.

Write no more letters, write no mo
On stocks so dull and heavy.
At times on 'Change 'tis always so,
When bears a tribute levy.
Then sigh not so,
And don't be low,
In sunshine you'll make honey,
Converting all your notes of woe,
Into hey, money, money.

"THE DESERTED VILLAGE."—London in September.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S PARADISE.—Seven Dials.

Mrs. Snobson (who is doing a little slumming for the first time and wishes to appear affable, but is at a loss to know how to commence conversation). "Town very empty!"

NEW EDITION OF WALKER

The baker rolls.

The butcher shambles.

The banker balances himself well.

The cook has a mincing gait.

The livery-stable keeper has a "*musing* gait."

The excursionist trips along.

The fishmonger flounders on.

The poulterer waddles like a duck.

The gardener does not allow the grass to grow under his feet.

The grocer treads gingerly.

The indiarubber manufacturer has an elastic step.

The rogue shuffles, and

The doctor's pace is killing.

SHOPKEEPER'S SCIENCE.—Buyology.

PEOPLE talk about making a clean sweep. Can they make a sweep clean?

BENEATH ONE'S NOTICE.—Advertisements on the pavement.

"THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR"

(With apologies to Mr. Kipling)

Talkative Old Lady (*drinking a glass of milk, to enthusiastic teetotaler, who is doing ditto*). "Yes, sir, since they're begun poisoning the beer, we *must* drink *something*, mustn't we?"

Small Boy (*who is somewhat cramped for room*). "Are you still there, Billy? I thought you wos lost."

Irate Old Gentleman. "Here, I say, your beast of a dog has bitten a piece out of my leg!" *Dog's Owner.* "Oh, bother! And I wanted to bring him up a vegetarian!"

"'Ad any breakfus' 's mornin'?" "Not a drop!"

THE INFANT'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE

Concerning Cash

Question. What is cash?

Answer. Cash may be described as comfort in the concrete.

Q. Is it not sometimes called "the root of all evil"?

A. Yes, by those who do not possess it.

Q. Is it possible to live without cash?

A. Certainly—upon credit.

Q. Can you tell me what is credit?

A. Credit is the motive power which induces persons who have cash, to part with some of it to those who have it not.

Q. Can you give me an instance of credit?

A. Certainly. A young man who is able to live at the rate of a thousand a-year, with an income not exceeding nothing a month, is a case of credit.

Q. Would it be right to describe such a transaction as "much to his credit"?

A. It would be more precise to say, "much by

AN EMPTY EMBRACE.—"'Ere y'are! Humberella rings, two a penny!"

his credit"; although the former phrase would be accepted by a large class of the community as absolutely accurate.

Q. What is bimetallism?

A. Bimetallism is a subject that is frequently discussed by amateur financiers, after a good dinner, on the near approach of the coffee.

Q. Can you give me your impression of the theory of bimetallism?

A. My impression of bimetallism is the advisability of obtaining silver, if you cannot get gold.

Q. What is the best way of securing gold?

A. The safest way is to borrow it.

Q. Can money be obtained in any other way?

A. In the olden time it was gathered on Hounslow Heath and other deserted spots, by mounted horsemen wearing masks and carrying pistols.

Q. What is the modern way of securing funds, on the same principles, but with smaller risk?

A. By promoting companies and other expedients known to the members of the Stock Exchange.

A Good Figure-head.—An arithmetician's.

Conductor (on "Elephant and Castle" route). "Fares, please!"
Fare. "Two elephants!"

ONE OF "LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES"

OVERHEARD OUTSIDE A FAMOUS RESTAURANT

"Hullo, Gus! What are you waiting about here for?"
"I'm waiting till the banks close. I want to cash a cheque!"

"UNSATISFACTORY COMMERCIAL RELATIONS."—Our "uncles."

COUNTRY SHAREHOLDERS.—Ploughmen.

Working Man, sitting on the steps of a big house in, say, Russell Square, smoking pipe. A mate passes by with plumbing tools, &c.

Man with tools. "Hullo, Jim! Wot are yer doin' 'ere? Caretakin'?"

Man on steps. "No. I'm the howner, 'ere."

Man with tools. "'Ow's that?"

Man on steps. "Why, I did a bit o' plumbing in the 'ouse, an' I took the place in part payment for the job."

THE GLORIOUS FIFTH

Benevolent Lady (*fond of the good old customs*). "Here, my boy, is something for your guy."

Conscientious Youth. "We ain't got no guy, mum; this 'ere's grandfather!"

A "YOUNG SHAVER."—A barber's baby.

JOINT ACCOUNT.—A butcher's bill.

AFTER "THE SLUMP" IN THE CITY.—*Weak Speculator in South African market (about to pay the barber who has been shaving him).* "A shilling! eh? Why, your charge used to be only sixpence." *City Barber.* "Yes, sir; *but you've got such a long face,* we're obliged to increase the price!"

"I don't arst yer fer money. I don't *want* money. Wot I wants is bread. '*Ave* yer got such a thing as a bit o' bread about yer, me lord?"

THE PROMOTER'S VADE MECUM

(*Subject to Revision after the Vacation*)

Question. What is meant by the promotion of a company?

Answer. The process of separating capital from its possessor.

Q. How is this end accomplished?

A. By the preparation and publication of a prospectus.

Q. Of what does a prospectus consist?

A. A front page and a statement of facts.

Q. Define a front page.

A. The bait covering the hook, the lane leading to the pitfall, the lath concealing the quagmire—occasionally.

Q. Of what is a front page composed?

A. Titles, and other suggestions of respectability.

Q. How are these suggestions obtained?

A. In the customary fashion.

Q. Can a banking account be put to any particular service in the promotion of a company?

"ON 'CHANGE"

Brown. "Mornin'. Fresh mornin', ain't it?"
Smith, "'Course it is. Every morning's a fresh morning! By-bye!" [*Brown's temper all day is quite unbearable.*

A. Certainly; it eases the wheels in all directions.

Q. Can it obtain the good-will of the Press?

A. Only of questionable and usually short-lived periodicals.

Q. But the destination of the cash scarcely affects the promoter?

A. No; for he loses in any case.

Q. How much of his profits does he sometimes have to disgorge?

A. According to circumstances, from three-fifths to nineteen-twentieths of his easily-secured takings.

Q. And what does promotion do for the promoter?

A. It usually bestows upon him temporary prosperity.

Q. Why do you say "temporary"?

A. Because a pleasant present is frequently followed by a disastrous future.

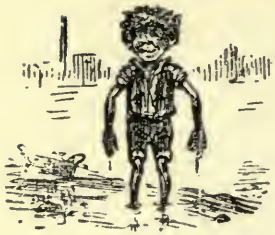
Q. You mean, then, that this prosperity is like the companies promoted, "limited"?

A. Yes, by the Court of Bankruptcy.

Sympathetic Passer-by. "But if he's badly hurt, why doesn't he go to the hospital?"
British Workman. "Wot! In 'is dinner-time!!"

ADVERTISEMENT PERVERSIONS

(By Dumb-Crambo, Junior)



Washing wanted

Left-off clothing

Vacancy for one pupil

Branch establishment

Improver wanted in the dressmaking

Engagement wanted, as housekeeper. Highly recommended

ADVERTISEMENT PERVERSIONS

(By Dumb-Crambo, Junior)

Board and residence

Unfurnished flat

Smart youth wanted

Mangling done on the shortest notice

RIVER STYX.—"The thousand masts of Thames."

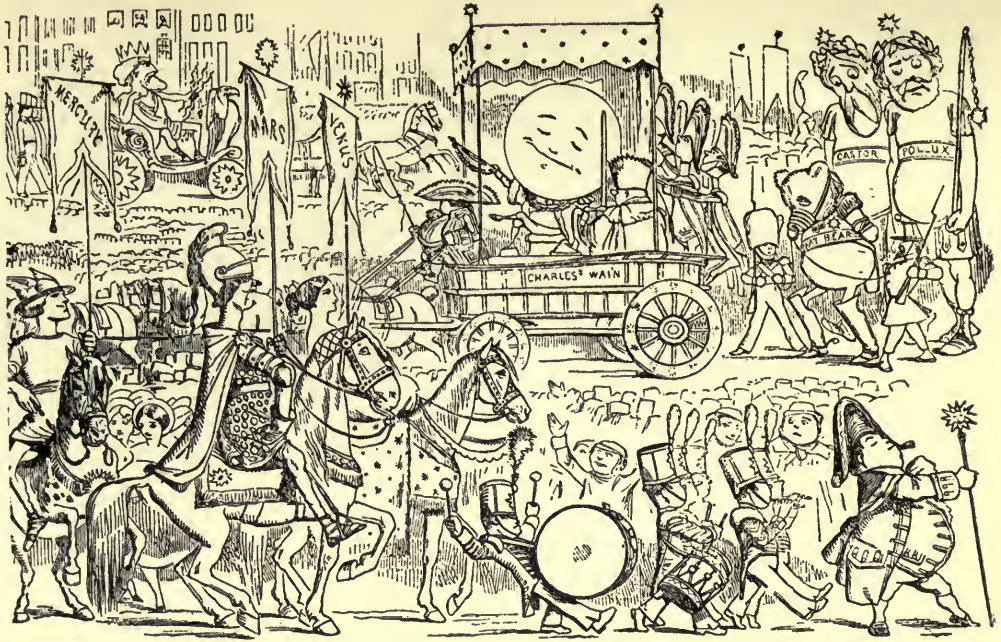
THE MAN WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEND TO A SÉANCE.—The man who knows how to hit the happy medium.

APPROPRIATE *LOCALE* FOR THE DAIRY SHOW.—Chalk Farm.

A TIDY DROP.—A glass of spirits, *neat*.

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW AS IT OUGHT TO BE

Designed by Mr. Punch's Special Processionist



ANOTHER SUGGESTION FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW AS IT OUGHT TO BE

'Nuts for the monkeys, sir? Buy a bag o' nuts for the monkeys!" "I'm not going to the Zoo." "Ah, well, sir, have some to take home to the children!"

HYDE PARK, MAY 1

Country Cousin. "What is the meaning of this, policeman?" *Constable.* "Labour day, miss."

Boy (*to Cabby with somewhat shadowy horse*). "Look 'ere, guv'nor, you'd better tie a knot in 'is tail afore 'e gets wet, or 'e might slip through 'is collar!"

Indignant Cabby. "Shockin' bad 'orse, 'ave I? And wot's this hextra tuppence for?—to buy a new 'un with, eh?"

QUIDDITIES.—*For the Old Ladies.* A tea-party without scandal is like a knife without a handle.

Words without deeds are like the husks without the seeds.

Features without grace are like a clock without a face.

A land without the laws is like a cat without her claws.

Life without cheer is like a cellar without beer.

A master without a cane is like a rider without the rein.

Marriage without means is like a horse without his beans.

A man without a wife is like a fork without a knife.

A quarrel without fighting is like thunder without lightning.

MOTTO FOR A SELF-MADE AND SUCCESSFUL MONEY-LENDER.—"A loan I did it!"

IMPROPER EXPRESSION.—Let it never be said, that when a man jumps for joy, "his delight knows no *bounds*."

THE opposite to a tea-fight—A coffee-mill.

THE TIP-CAT SEASON HAS NOW COMMENCED

Street Urchin. "Now thèn, old 'un——Fore!"

Crossing-Sweeper (*to Brown, whose greatest pride is his new brougham, diminutive driver, &c.*). "'Igh! Stop! You've lost somethin'—the coachman!"

Irate 'Bus Driver. "You wouldn't do that for me, would yer?"

AT THE STORES. BUY—OUR TAPESTRY ARTIST

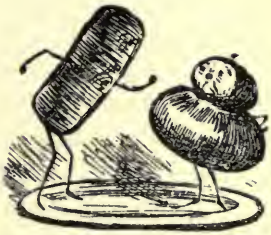
Scotch polled

Best wether

Class for roots

Steers

Best butter



Cross bred

CATTLE-SHOW WEEK

(By Dumb-Crambo, Junior)

THE LINEN TRADE.—There have been a few transactions in rags at threepence a pound, and an extensive bone-grubber caused considerable excitement by bringing a quantity of waste-paper into the market which turned the scale in his own favour.

MOTTO FOR A MOURNING WAREHOUSE.—Die and let live.

OUT OF PLACE.—A vegetarian at the Cattle Show.

A FINANCIAL AUTHORITY BADLY WANTED.—The man who can say "bogus" to the investing goose.

THE VEGETABLE MARKET.—Asparagus is looking up, and radishes are taking a downward direction. Peas were almost nothing at the opening; and new potatoes were buoyant in the basket, but turned out rather heavy at the settling. A rush of bulls through the market had a dreadful effect upon apple-stalls and other minor securities; but all the established houses stood their ground, though the run occasioned a panic among some of the proprietors.

THE QUARTERLY ACCOUNTS.—*Clerk.* "Sorry to say, sir, there's a saddle we can't account for. Can't find out who it was sent to." *Employer.* "Charge it on all the bills."

A LOVE SONG OF THE MONEY-MARKET

I WILL not ask thee to be mine,
Because I love thee far too well;
Ah! what I feel, who thus resign
All hope in life, no words can tell.
Only the dictate I obey
Of deep affection's strong excess,
When, dearest, in despair, I say
Farewell to thee and happiness.

Thy face, so tranquil and serene,
To see bedimmed I could not bear,
Pinched with hard thrift's expression mean,
Disfigured with the lines of care,
I could not brook the day to see
When thou would'st not, as thou hast now,
Have all those things surrounding thee
That light the eye and smooth the brow.

Thou wilt smile calmly at my fear
That want would e'er approach our door;
I know it must to thee appear
A melancholy dream: no more.
Wilt thou not be with riches blest?
Is not my fortune ample too?
Must I not, therefore, be possessed,
To feel that dread, of devils blue?

Alas! my wealth, that should maintain,
My bride in glory and in joy,
Is built on a foundation vain,
Which soon a tempest will destroy.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.—*Paterfamilias (who is just beginning to feel himself at home in his delightfully new suburban residence) interrupts the wife of his bosom.* "'Seaside!' 'Change of air!!' 'Out of town!!!' What nonsense, Anna Maria! Why, good gracious me! what on earth can you want to be going '*out of town*' for, when you've got such a garden as *this!*

Yes, yes, an interest high, I know
My capital at present bears;
But in a moment it may go:
It is invested all in shares.

The company is doomed to fall,
Spreading around disaster dire,
I hear that the directors all
Are rogues—the greatest rogue thy sire!
Go—seek a happier, wiser mate,
Who had the wit to be content
With the returns of his estate,
And with Consols at three per cent!

THE FEAST OF ALL FOOLS.—More than is good for them.

THE "LAP" OF LUXURY.—Genuine milk in London.

DISH FOR DIDDLED SHAREHOLDERS.—Bubble and squeak.

SCIENCE GOSSIP.—"A City Clerk and a Naturalist" asks whether there is not a bird called the *ditto ditto*. Is he not thinking of our old acquaintance, the do-do?

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Get a situation in the Mint.—*Economist.*

STRANGE COIN.—Forty *odd* pounds!

SUGGESTIVE

Dissipated Ballad Howler. "Sweet spirit, 'ear my prayer!"

A CORRECTOR OF THE PRESS.—A policeman at a crowded crossing.

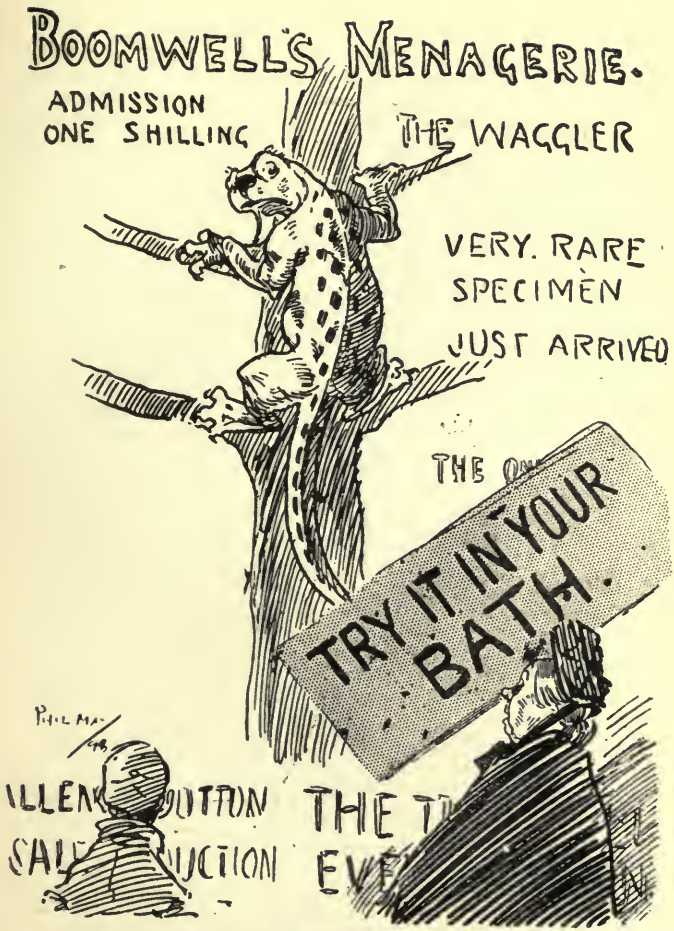
NEVER ON ITS LEGS.—The most constant faller in the metropolis: the Strand, because it is always being picked up.

THE MARKETS.—There was a good deal of liveliness in hops, and a party of strangers, who seemed to act together, took off the contents of all the *pockets* they could lay hold of. There was little doing in corn, and what barley came in was converted into barley-water for a large consumer. Peas were distributed freely in small samples through the market, by means of tin tubes; and as usual there was a good deal of roguery in grain, which it was found necessary to guard against.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.—The account day on the Stock Exchange.

A REGULAR MAKE-SHIFT. — The sewing machine.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—We read, in a great aldermanic authority, that "a dinner is on the *tapis*." The *tapis* alluded to is, of course, Gob'lin?



THE RESULT OF CARELESS BILL-POSTING

A SKETCH NEAR PICCADILLY

MADAME CHRYSANTHÈME

(With apologies to "Pierre Loti.")

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION. — *Mrs. Griddleton.* What are those square things, coachman, you put over the poor horse's eyes?

Driver. Blinkers, ma'am.

Mrs. G. Why do you put them on, coachman?

Driver. To prevent the 'orse from blinking, ma'am.

[*Inquiry closed.*

INSCRIPTION FOR STREET LETTER-BOXES.—"*From Pillar to Post.*"

HOW THE TRUTH LEAKS OUT!

SCENE—*Hyde Park. Time: Five o'clock.*

Friend. Any news? Anything in the papers?

Government Clerk. Can't say. Haven't been to the office to-day, my boy.

WHY should a chimney-sweeper be a good whist player? Because he's always following soot.

BUSINESS.—*Inquirer* (*drawing up prospectus*). Shall I write "Company" with a big C?

Honest Broker. Certainly, if it's a sound one, as it represents "Company" with a capital.

"Shave, or hair cut, sir?"
"*Corns*, you fool!"

NOT FOR JOSEPH!

PROOF POSITIVE

Old Lady. "Do they sell good 'sperrits' at this 'ouse, mister?"
'*Spectable-looking Man* (*But—*). "Mos' d'schid'ly, look 't (hic) me, mad'm—for shev'n p'nsh a'penny!!"

THE SINKING FUND.—The Royal Humane Society's income.

SHREWD SUGGESTION.—It often happens, when the husband fails to be home to dinner, that it is one of his *fast* days.

THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY.—A ragged school.

NEVER WASTE YOUR TIME.—Waste somebody else's.

MEN OF *THE* TIME.—Chronometer makers.

A MAN IN ADVANCE OF HIS TIME.—One who has been knocked into the middle of next week.

THE DEAF MAN'S PARADISE. — The Audit Office.

SITE FOR A RAGGED SCHOOL.—Tattersall's.

STUFF AND NONSENSE.—A City Banquet, and the speeches after it.

ZOOLOGY

"That's a porkypine, Sarah." "No, it ain't, Bill. It's a orstridge!"

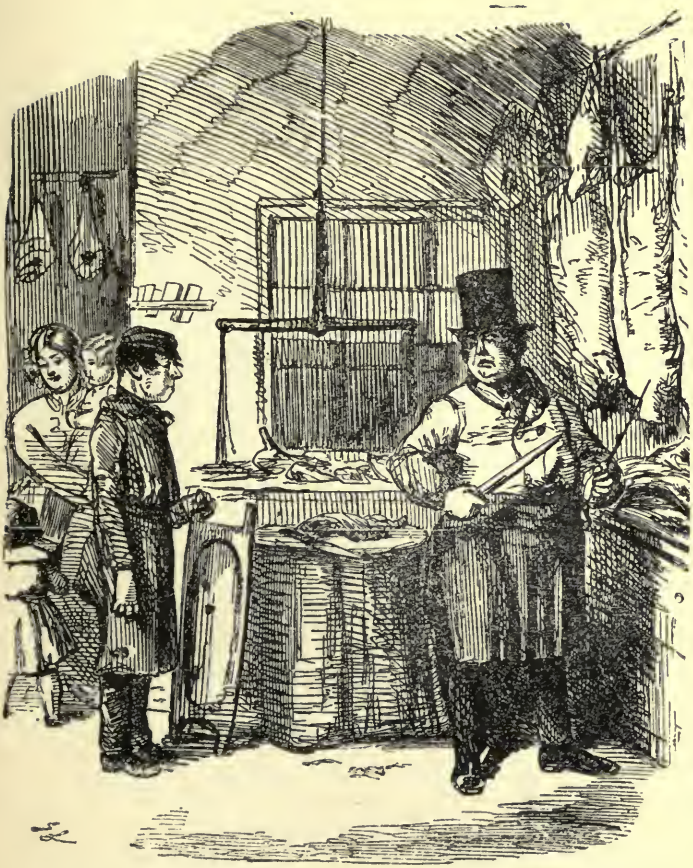
THE FISH MARKET.—Flounders were of course flat, but to the surprise of everyone they showed an inclination to come round towards the afternoon, and there were one or two transactions in whelks, but they were all of a comparatively insignificant character. Lobsters' claws were lazy at the opening, but closed heavily; and those who had a hand in them would gladly have been released if such a course had been possible.

"THE BEST POLICY."—That with the largest bonus.

AN UNUSUAL FLOW OF SPIRITS

FALSE QUANTITY.—Short measure.

CONSOLATION STAKES.—Those you get at a City tavern the day after you have tried to eat the article at home.



A Horrible Business.—*Master Butcher.* "Did you take old Major Dumbledore's ribs to No. 12?" *Boy.* "Yes, sir." *Master Butcher.* "Then, cut Miss Wiggles's shoulder and neck, and hang Mr. Foodle's legs until they're quite tender!"

Little Girl (to Newsvendor, from whom she has just purchased the latest war special). "'Ere's your *paper!* Father says, if you don't mind 'e 'd rather 'ave the bill, 'cos there's more news in it."

Old Lady (from the country). "Well, I never! And to think burglary should have become a regular respectable trade!"

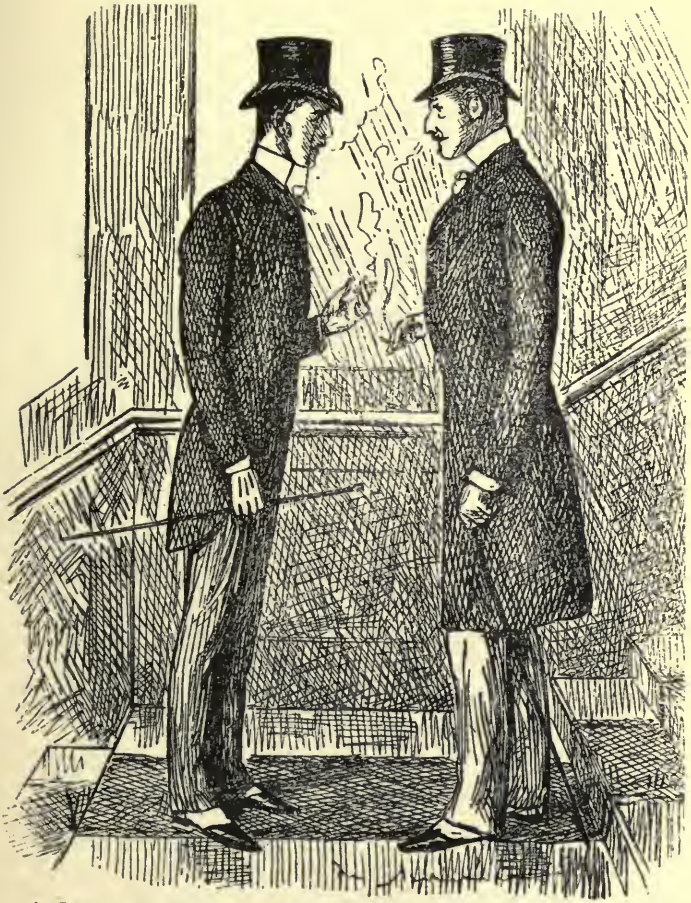
A SPECULATOR'S APOLOGY.—You can't make the pot boil without bubbles.

TABLE-TURNING.—Looking for a train in *Bradshaw*.

ARMS FOR THE PROPOSED NEW WEST-END STOCK EXCHANGE

(*To be placed over the principal entrance.*)

On a chevron *vert*, a pigeon plucked *proper*, between three rooks peckant, clawed and beaked *gules*. Crest: a head semitic grimnant, winkant, above two pipes laid saltier-wise, *argent*, environed with a halo of bubbles *or*. Supporters: a bull and bear rampant *sable*, dented, hoofed and clawed *gules*. Motto: "Let us prey."



A SENSITIVE PLANT.—"What, back in town already, old chappie?" "Yes, old chappie. Couldn't stand the country any longer. Cuckoo gave me the headache!"

COMMERCIAL NEWS

POLICEMAN O, No. 1, has got such an accumulation of corn in bond, under a tight boot, that it is expected he will be allowed the benefit of nominal or fixed duty. He is one of the most extensive growers of corn in the kingdom, and always has on foot a prodigious quantity, which, when he is in competition with those who try to take advantage of his position, must naturally prevent him from striking the average.

Onions were dull at fourpence a rope, and wild ducks were heavy, with sand inside, at three and sixpence a couple.

A considerable deal of business was done in flat-irons on New Year's Day, and there was a trifling advance upon them everywhere.

The dividends on pawnbrokers' stock were payable last week, but the defaulters were very numerous. A highly respectable party in the City, in order to provide for interest coming due, is understood to have funded the greater part of his summer wardrobe.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

Cabby (*to Gent who has been dining out*). "'Ere y'are, sir. This is your 'ouse—get out—be careful, sir—'ere's the step."
Gent. "Yesh Thash allri, but wersh my *feet?*"

Long fours, in the candle-market, were dull, but the ten and a half reduced rushlights brightened up towards the close of the day surprisingly.

PERSONS WHO WOULD BENEFIT BY CREMATION.—Charwomen.

FORCED POLITENESS.—Bowing to circumstances.

A NAME OF ILL OMEN.—Persons who are subject to fits of toothache, and do not wish to be reminded of their distressing malady, should avoid going down Long Acre.

PAWNBROKERS' "DUPLICATES."—Their twins.

HAGIOLOGY ON 'CHANGE.—*The Brokers' Patron* —St. Simon Stock.

MOTTO FOR A TAILOR WHO MAKES COATS OF THE BEST ENDURING CLOTH.—*Fuimus, i.e., We Wear.*

THE LICENSING SYSTEM.—The big brewer is a vulture, and the unpaid magistrate instrumental to his rapacity is that vulture's beak.

THE BEST NOTE PAPER.—Bank of England.

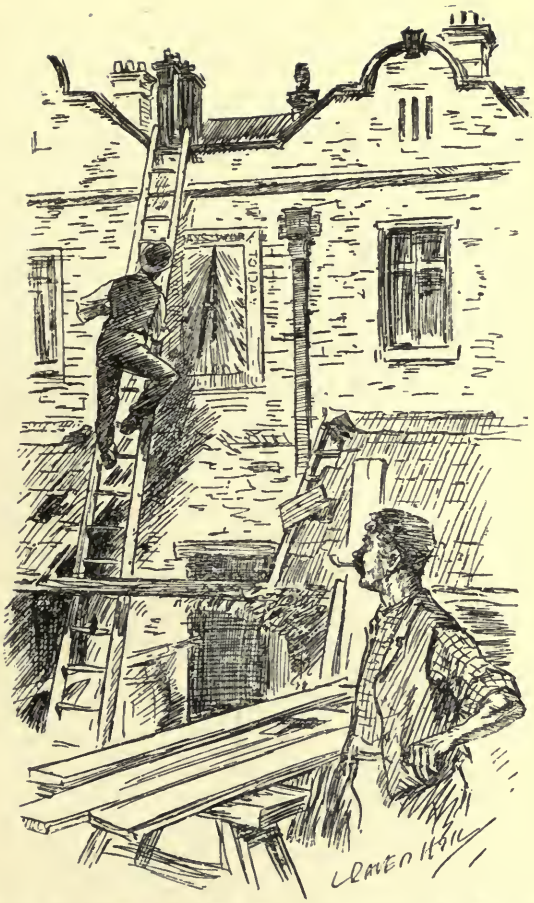
Employer (*who simply* WON'T *take any excuse for unpunctuality*). "You are very late, Mr. Jones. Go back at once, and come at the proper time!"

Hairdresser. "Hair begins to get very thin, sir." *Customer.* "Yes." *Hairdresser.* "Have you tried our tonic lotion?" *Customer.* "Yes. That didn't do it though."

"I 'ear that Tholomon Arons 'as 'ad 'is shop burnt out!"
"Well, 'e 'th a very good feller, Aronth ith. 'E detherves it!"

HOW THE POOR LIVE

The Rev. Mr. Smirk has brought an American millionaire friend to see for himself the distressed state of the poor of his parish. [*He'll give them a little notice next time.*



First Workman. "Wot's it say, Bill, on that old sun-dial?" *Second Workman (reading deliberately).* "It says, 'Do—to—day's—work—to—day.'" *First W.* "'*Do TWO days' work to-day!*' Wot O! Not me!"

SOCIAL EVOLUTION.—*Tramp to benevolent but inquisitive lady*). —"Well, you see, mum, it were like this. I were a 'addick smoker by profession; then I got ill, and 'ad to go to the 'orspital; then I sold cats meat; but some'ow or other I got into *low water!*"

Miss Smith. "We've just come from Tannhauser, doctor."
The Doctor (very deaf). "Indeed! I hope you had better weather than we've been having!"

FAMILIAR PHRASE EXPLAINED.—*Robinson.* "Well, old chap, how did you sleep last night?" *Smith* (*who had dined out*). "'Like a top.' As soon as my head touched the pillow, it went round and round!

Cab Tout. "I say, Bill, lend me sixpence."
Cabby. 'I can't; but I can lend you fourpence."
Cab Tout "All right. Then you'l owe me twopence.'

Barber. "Your 'air's getting very thin on the top, sir. I should recommend our wash." *Customer.* "May I ask if that invigorating liquid is what *you* have been in the habit of using?" [*Dead silence.*

FOGGY WEATHER,—"Has Mr. Smith been here?" "Yes; he was here about an hour ago." "Was I with him?"

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—We understand that in consequence of the high price of meat, the Beef-eaters at the Tower have all turned vegetarians.

WHAT MILLIONAIRES SMOKE.—Golden returns.

THE UNIVERSAL WATCHWORD.—Tick!

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